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ROBERT H. GILES
MANUAL OF ELOCUTION
AND
PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION



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ROBERTSON'S

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION

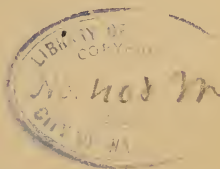
AND

PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

T. Robertson



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PREFACE.

The author of the following pages has been compelled to issue the same as a matter of convenience to himself, and of economy in time and money to his pupils. He believes that he has given a skeleton of a system of truth, suggesting a basis resting on man's mental and physical nature for a Philosophy of Expression. All truth has a scientific basis somewhere, and a teacher of eloquence should not rest contented till he finds that basis. The subject of elocution has been taught in such an unscientific, mechanical, and imitative manner by many of its exponents, that it has not yet fully commended itself to the thoughtful consideration of the educated classes of society. Much as this state of things is to be regretted, it is not likely to be changed soon unless teachers in this department of learning make themselves the peers of other professional men in general culture, and thus better qualify themselves to conduct the studies of their pupils *far beyond* the mere mechanism of the art which they profess to teach. We take pleasure in acknowledging our special indebtedness to the Delsart Philosophy of Expression, to the very superior instruction of the late Prof. L. B. Monroe of Boston, Prof. A. L. Butterfield of the Bell School of Vocal Physiology, the late Dr. Guilmette of the Boston School of Vocal Technology and to Prof. F. Sargent of Harvard University. Hoping that our effort may be fruitful of some good in a promising, though poorly cultivated field of usefulness, we commit this little work to the good or ill fortune which may await it.

P. ROBERTSON.

DAYTON, OHIO.

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MANUAL OF ELOCUTION.

"All art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness."—(Goethe.)

The following exercises are designed to free the different joints of the various members of the body, and can only be explained by example from the living teacher :

DECOMPOSING EXERCISES.

Lower Limb Exercises.

1. Ankle freeing movement.
2. Horse pawing movement.
3. Circular movement from hip as a center.

Hand and Wrist Freeing Exercises.

1. Finger freeing movement.
2. Wrist freeing movement, with rising on the toes.
3. Wrist freeing movement, right, left, and in a circle.

Upper Limb Exercises.

1. Fore arm freeing movement.
2. Shoulder freeing movement.
3. Arm swinging movement, forward and back eight times.

Head Exercises.

1. Drop the head with its own weight in front, back, right, and left.
2. Combine the above and describe a circle.

Trunk Exercises.

1. Turn the body to the right and left.
2. Drop the body in front, back, right and left.
3. Combine Ex. No. 2, and describe a circle.

In practicing the above make the members of the body as limp as possible, so as to bring the entire body under perfect control.

Exercises Preparatory to Gesture.

1. Raise the arm from the shoulder, hand limp and following the arm.
2. Float limp hand up, down, and side-wise.
3. Describe the figure 8 with free arm, decomposed hand.
4. Raise the arm from the shoulder, float the hand like a feather fastened to a rod; turn the hand over, palm upward as the arm descends.
5. Serpentine movement.
6. Three gestures of repression—prone hand.
7. Three gestures of affirmation—hand supine.
8. Gesture of appellation and salutation.

Opposition of Agents.

When the head and arm are in action they must move in opposite directions. The same thing is true of other members of the body. Opposite movements are made simultaneously, while parallel movements are made to follow each other successively. This last is illustrated by the movements of a field

of grain, or both principles may be illustrated by parallel and opposing waves of the sea.

Parallel Movements.

1. Eye to the right, followed by the body and hand, one after the other.
2. Repeat No. 1 to the left.
3. Eye raised, head and body following, one after the other.

Opposite Movements.

“Unveiling a beautiful scene with opposition of agents.

1. Raise right arm, head opposed; left arm likewise, arms in front as the 'body recedes—spiral movement with both hands while the body is brought forward.”—(*Monroe.*)

Gesture.

“Gesture is a natural language. It is the language of the heart; the commentator of speech.”—(*Delsart.*)

“Action is the language of the body, and should harmonize with the spirit within.”—(*Cicero.*)

If the avenues of expression are open, the ankle and knee-joints loose, the thigh, trunk, neck, fingers, wrist, elbow, and shoulders free, and under perfect control; the voice pure, open, round, and full, the thought well arranged and properly appreciated, the attitude and action will usually be fitting and significant. While this is true, attitude and gesture should both be studied and practiced with untiring industry, and in great detail by him who expects to become an adept in moving emotion and commending a cause to favor.

“I do not rely upon that inspiration which idle mediocrity awaits.”—(*Garrick.*)

Emotion is first seen in the eye, finds its way to the shoulders, through the entire body, and is presented to the audi-

ence by means of gesture. The principles which governed great artists like Phidias, Leonardo, De Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and others, lie at the basis of true oratory, and a knowledge of the same will be of great value to the orator. Much may be learned in regard to opposition of the members of the body, proper distribution of emotion, dignity of attitude, &c., from a critical study of the works of the great masters just named. In the presentation of genuine emotion, that is when the feeling a speaker seeks to beget is first begotten in himself, the movements, as a rule, will proceed from the superior parts of the body—the shoulder, not the elbow or hand must lead. Gestures are of two classes, descriptive or elliptical. Any figure or object may be described by means of gesture, and this is an excellent exercise to practice.

Under the head of Statics, Delsart gives the following six laws of gesture. Priority, Retroaction, Opposition of Agents, Stability, Unity, and Rhythm. We will not develop these in detail, but merely by way of suggestion give the divisions of the gifted Frenchman:

Three Essential Elements of Grace.

The element of ease, which is vital.

The element of precision, which is mental.

The element of harmony, which is moral.

These proceed from the elements of being whose name they bear. The proper blending of these will depend upon the genuineness and attainments of the speaker. Too much or too little of the one or the other will be a violation of the law of proportion.

Lines of Different Significance.

The arm, with prone hand describing a horizontal line, is the line of negation, while the perpendicular line, hand supine,

is the line of affirmation, &c. Gestures made at different angles convey different ideas.

Functions of the Hand.

There are three faces to the hand; the palm, which is vital in nature and revelatory in expression; the back, which is moral in nature and mystic in expression; the side, which is mental in nature and definitive in expression. "We should treat truth as a literal substance in its relation to the hand." We may place a cube in nine positions in regard to the hand.

1. Underneath supports, upholds, &c.
2. Above protects, suppresses, &c.
3. To the right defines.
4. To the left rejects.
5. To the front, the wrist under, mystically affirms.
6. To the front, the wrist over, arrogantly affirms.
7. To the front, the wrist right side, limits, withholds, &c.
8. To back wrist over,—supports in affirming,—maintains.
9. To back wrist under—reveals.

There are eighteen different functions assigned to the hand in the Delsart and Monroe philosophy.

Table of Gestures.

The student is expected to get examples of gesture from the living teacher.

1. A gesture of Affirmation.
2. A gesture of Negation.
3. A gesture of Concealment.
4. A gesture of Revealment.
5. A gesture of Extension.
6. A gesture of Elevation.
7. A gesture of Depression.

8. A gesture of Repulsion.
9. A gesture of Attraction.
10. A gesture of Precision.
11. A gesture rejecting things of weighty import.
12. A gesture rejecting things of trifling import.
13. A gesture denoting that which is absolutely certain.
14. A gesture denoting that which is certain.
15. A gesture denoting that which is probable.
16. A gesture denoting that which is doubtful.
17. A gesture denoting that which is probable; *possible*
18. A gesture denoting that which is impossible.

When a few leading principles are mastered, gestures may be multiplied indefinitely.

Attitudes and Gestures Combined.

First Series of Nine Oppositions.

1. Normal calm of the being.
2. Pathetic appeal to Heaven.
3. Accusation,
4. Malediction.
5. Remorse.
6. Shame or deep grief.
7. Pathetic reproach.
8. Pathetic repulsion or rejection.
9. Benediction.

Second Series.

- | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|------|------|-------------|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 1. | Attention, | ear, | eye, | head, body. |
| 2. | Surprise and recognition. | | | |
| 3. | Salutation. | | | |
| 4. | Appellation or affirmation. | | | |
| 5. | Interrogation. | | | |

6. Declaration.
7. Pathetic appeal.
8. Reaffirmation upon honor.
9. Reconciliation.

Third Series.

1. Attraction.
2. Repulsion.
3. Pathetic appeal.

Position of the Body.

Placing the audience.

The weight of the body in drill exercise should be on the ball of the foot. By carrying the body back on the heel and elevating the head slightly, an audience will be placed beneath a speaker; by carrying the weight of the body well forward to the toes, and depressing the head an audience will be lifted above the speaker; and by having the weight of the body on the central part of both feet, chest erect, an audience will be on an equality with the speaker,

Carriage and Development of the Chest.

1. Alternate, active, and passive chest.
2. Diaphragmatic action.
3. Chest expansion, with arms and hands in front of the face.
4. Chest expansion, with arms at the side.

Breathing Exercises.

1. Diaphragmatic breathing.
2. Diaphragmatic followed by costal breathing.
3. Compound breathing—1 and 2 united.
4. Powerful action of arms, with exercises 1 and 2.
5. Costal flexibility. with full lungs.

6. Breathing with chest expansion exercises.

7. Breathe with reference to the abdominal, costal, and dorsal muscles.

8. Practice systematic breathing while walking.

The public speaker should practice breathing slowly and deeply. Good full voice is intimately connected with good breathing, and the skillful management of the one is closely connected with the control of the other.

Voice Culture.

Every public speaker should aspire to a good, pure, sweet, mellow, full tone of voice. Purity should be sought in advance of fullness and power. A knowledge of the vocal apparatus, a natural adjustment and skill in the management of the same, are necessary to healthful vocal development. The soft palate should be elevated, the base of the tongue depressed and the mouth and throat as widely extended as the vocal elements will admit. Skill in taking in the breath suddenly or gradually, in holding it, and in giving it out suddenly or gradually is absolutely necessary to the highest results. The chest should be elevated but not rigid, and the throat and mouth should not be tense but in a state of easy elasticity. The chest, larynx, nasal and mouth cavities should be utilized in the way of securing resonance from them. Exercises should be brought to play upon every important vocal point. The voice should be handled very gently, not forced, yet frequently exercised throughout its entire compass in every possible pitch, in every degree of force, and in all the variations of time and quality. We should have a distinct object in view in every exercise. We believe that practice on the fourteen English vowels, the musical scale, and the other exercises we have furnished will secure better results—if atten-

tion is given to the proper moulding of vowels—than would exercises on selected passages. While we recommend the vowels, we earnestly urge the student of oratory to make every effort in reading and speaking contribute to the building up of the voice. The healthfulness of the voice is largely dependent upon the health of the mucous membrane; while this in turn is dependent upon regular bathing, suitable food, pure air, a proper amount of sleep and varied bodily exercise.

Voice Exercises.

1. Practice sighing with a widely extended mouth, vocal and non-vocal, with the syllable ah.

2. Practice with reference to placing the tones well forward in the mouth, and with reference to a pleasant, light quality of tone s-e-oo-o.

3. The syllable ub with reference to the larynx.

Hung with reference to nasal resonance.

le—la for resonance from the front part of the mouth.

a as in the word call with reference to resonance from the back part of the mouth.

Hung—ne—a—a—to be given successively.

Exercises No. 4 are intended to play directly on the four focal, vocal, resonant, and radiant points of the voice. We should be careful to enrich and strengthen the voice by securing resonance from the cavities in the front and back part of the mouth and from the nasal and chest cavities.

7. Hung with a sudden stroke upon the epiglottis.

5. Oh, ah, a, with sustained tone.

6. The musical scale with o and ah.

8. Practice the voice on the fourteen English vowels given under the subject of articulation.

9. Boo—u—the Bovine voice.

10. B, vibrated, (9 and 10 are excellent exercise for utilizing the lips.)

11. e—The dog tone made in the back part of the mouth.

The following exercises are designed for the cultivation of the Orotund voice, which is the fullest and grandest of which man is capable.

12. Hah in the voice of whisper with a widely extended mouth.

Hah vocalized with a widely extended mouth.

13. Hah in the voice of yawning. (This if done properly will have the hoarse fullness and volume of the orotund voice.)

14. Hah in the voice of coughing.

15. Ho—with large mouth cavity and well rounded and projected lips. (The lips give support and finish to the tones of the voice.)

16. a, o, ah, a, i, ou, oi.

17. "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean roll."

(Byron.)

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."—(Milton.)

"Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and white-
ning,
Flash, coiling me round,
While the ether goes surging 'neath thunder and scourg-
ing
Of wild winds unbound !

Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
 The earth rooted below,
 And the brine of the ocean in rapid emotion,
 Be it driven in the face
 Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro !
 Let him hurl me anon, into Tartarus—on
 To the blackest degree
 With necessities vortices strangling me down,
 But he cannot join death to a fate meant for me."

(Aeschylus—Mrs. Browning's translation.)

Read the following exercises with reference to a grave monotone in a low pitch and with a full solemn tone. Let the voice fall in pitch till no lower notes can be reached.

"He bowed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him, his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire.

"Holy ! holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth !"

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,—
 Leave not a rack behind."

Whispering.

“ All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.”

Half Whisper, or Aspirated Tone.

“ And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise—he’s all awake
Again—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps.”—(*Wordsworth.*)

The vowels should be frequently practiced in a whisper and in the aspirated voice.

Practice the following with a brilliant tone, in a high pitch, elevating the pitch day after day till reading or speaking in a high key will be an easy matter.

“ You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many so ever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark’s note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.”

Exercise in Force or Stress of Voice.

“ What! threat you me with telling of the king,
Tell him and spare not ; look what I have said,
I will avouch in presence of the king
Eer you were queen, ay or your husband king,
I was a pack horse in his great affairs.”

(*Richard 3, Act I, Sec. 3*)

(The above should be given in an angry mood.)

Example in the Guttural or Throat Voice.

“ Your common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
 As reek o’ the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you.”

(*Coriolanus*, Act 3, Sec. 3.)

Example in Pectoral or Breast Voice.

“ I am thy father’s spirit ;
 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood :—List, List, O List !
 If ever thou didst thy dear father love.”

(*Hamlet*, Act I, Sec. 4.)

Mechanism of Speech.

This subject involves a knowledge of the organs of speech, their varied offices, the formation of vowels, consonants and glides—the elements of language. Prof. Bell in his work on visible speech has given, we believe, the most scientific analysis of this subject extant, The following will serve as an outline of the same.

Organs of Speech.

Lower or Active Set.—1 Under lip; 2 Under teeth; 3 Point of tongue; 4 Front of tongue; 5 Back of tongue; 6 Vocal cords.

Upper or Active Set.—1 Upper lip; 2 Upper teeth; 3 Upper gum; 4 Hard palate; 5 Uvula; 6 Back of pharynx; 7 Arytenoid Cartilages.

The lower set acts upon the upper and is called the active set, while the upper is called the passive set. There are four principle articulating parts or points; the lip, point of tongue, top or centre of tongue and back of tongue. These parts may be in one of three conditions; open, partially open or shut, which we may name centre aperture, divided aperture and shut position.

Formation of Vowels.

The tongue, in the study of vowels, is divided into three parts; front, top or centre, and back. These with the aid of the lips, rounded or unrounded determine the shape and size of the mouth cavity, and hence the vowel quality. Each part of the tongue is capable of six definite positions—the tenth of an inch apart—from which six distinct vowels result, assuming of course the vibration of the vocal cords in the operation. This gives a front, top and back scale of six vowels, eighteen resultants. If the lips be projected and rounded on these positions eighteen more vowels will be the effect, thus furnishing a Universal vowel chart of thirty-six vowels for all languages.

We have three primary and three secondary positions of the three parts of the tongue; high, middle, and low; high wide, mid-wide, and low-wide. The vowel results from a

fixed, unobstructed position of the organs of speech, and is syllabic in use. There are fourteen English vowels, and are as follows:

Front scale.	Back scale.	Top scale.
e as in me.	o as in move.	a as in fast.
i as in it.	u as in full.	u as in fur.
a not English.	o as in old.	The four which are omitted in this scale are foreign vowels.
a as in fate.	u as in tun.	
e as in met.	a as in far.	
a as in fat.	a as in fall.	
	o as in not.	

Consonants.

The consonant results from a fixed, obstructed position of the organs of speech, and is nonsyllabic in its use. There are, according to Professor Bell, twenty-five English consonants. In the formation of seven the lips perform a more active part than any other organ of speech. The same may be said of the point of the tongue in the formation of ten, of the top part of the tongue in the moulding of four, and of the back of the tongue in the mechanism of three. H is merely a breathing with the throat and mouth open.‡

We arrange the consonants for practice in the order in which we have treated of their formation.

p b m f
v wh w
t d n l
dh th s z
r rh
k g ng
sh zh y yh
h

The Glide.

The glide results as the organs of speech—the tongue and lips—move or glide from one position towards another. This element is non-syllabic in use. For convenience it is named after the vowel or consonant whose sound it most resembles as it dies upon the ear. There are five glides in English: e, o, u, r, and glide voice. Glide voice is too indefinite to be named as we do the others.

Mr. Bell, in his visible speech, discusses the organs of speech and their resultants by means of pictorial symbols, such as must be omitted in this work, though we make use of them in teaching. The operations of the soft palate, tongue, jaw teeth and lips should be carefully studied in the formation of every vowel, consonant, and glide till the eye recognizes every position and movement of the same. The ear should also be trained thoroughly on the elements of speech, and the organic touch in the moulding of the elements should be cultivated to a sensitiveness resembling the touch of well-trained blind persons.

Professor A. Butterfield, of Boston, to whose excellent instruction we are much indebted, is now the chief exponent of visible speech in the United States,—Mr. Melville Bell having retired to private life, and Graham being immersed in his telephone operations.

Articulation.

Articulation is the process of moulding vocalized or non-vocalized breath, by means of the organs of speech, into syllables and words. In order to secure a clean cut and finished articulation, an understanding of the lesson on the mechanism of speech is necessary, also steady practice in mouth gymnastics and patient training on the vowels and consonants till

the jaw, tongue, lips, and soft palate act with great freedom, and the muscles of the face with becoming expressiveness. Exercise the soft palate by gaping, and the jaws by a movement up and down, also by a rotary movement. The three following vowels, practiced in the order given, was a favorite exercise with the late Professor L. B. Monroe: e—ah—oo e—oo—ah—ah—e—oo—ah—oo—e—oo—e—ah—oo—ah—e The same exercise whispered, and the movements without either voice or whisper, will be of great service in the matter of articulation.

Pronunciation.

In pronunciation we would counsel great care concerning the proper vowel and consonant sounds, accent, the powers of expression in the elements of speech, vowel quantity, and a distinct and dignified enunciation of every letter in a syllable. As a means to an end it will do the student much good to speak with great exactness, words, one at a time, then in phrases, and afterwards in sentences. This can very profitably be practiced silently and audibly with an overdone precision and action of the jaw, tongue, and lips. In addressing an audience, however, the words must not be uttered too far apart, and the sentence, as a whole, should be swung smoothly and gracefully.

In the discussion of the last three topics we have said enough to cover the subject of Orthoepey. A too rapid, as well as a drawling style of speaking, must be avoided. Yet it is necessary to practice the voice and articulating organs in quick and slow time. In the latter, vowel quantity must be long, while it is short in the former. The organs of speech, voice, and breathing apparatus should all be exercised—oiled up—in advance of every public effort. In the preceeding exercises,

and indeed in all vocal exercises, we should make the lips support and enrich the tones as much as possible. Their use is of very great importance.

Pitch, Force, and Quality.—(*The properties of sound.*)

The natural pitch of the voice is affected by the length of the vocal cords; the shorter the cords the higher the pitch. Pitch may be illustrated by means of a cord.

The force or loudness of the voice depends upon the amplitude of the vibratory wave.

Quality depends upon the direction of the vibrations and the cavity which gives the tone most of its resonance.

Projection of Tone.

In order to project tones we must elevate the chest slightly, hold it easily elastic, make a good open passage in the throat and mouth, cut out the words neatly, and by an act of the will, direct the voice to an object some distance off, as an arrow is shot at a mark. The distance of the object to which the tone is directed should be increased day by day till it will require no great volume of sound or much effort to speak so as to be heard distinctly at a great distance. Our ability to project tones will depend somewhat upon the health of the vital nature. We should aim to speak so as to be heard, understood, and felt, and this is no easy matter.

Philosophy of Expression.

We may master all that has gone before, good voice, freedom of movement, an easy, exact, and dignified articulation, and yet have no claim whatever to the title of artist or orator. It is important, highly important, that the mechanical or technical part of an art be thoroughly mastered. Yet it must not be forgotten that the technique is one thing, and the real

art another. The two ought to go together, yet for a public speaker to acquire the former without the latter, is for him to become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, a lifeless, soulless body, impotent either to kindle the emotions or excite the imagination of an audience, to cool anger, move to pity and love, or to commend a cause to favor. The mechanical part then must be mastered and concealed.

We have three great factors in the universe; namely, God, matter, and man. Wherever the Creator has worked he has left the impress of his wisdom, love, and power. These three attributes are reflected on earth, in air, and sky: sun, moon, and stars hold them forth to view. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Nor is the voice of revelation silent respecting God's distinguishing characteristics. Having three factors with which to lay the foundation of a philosophy of expression, as applied to oratory, we may expect to find a trinity of ideas frequently crossing our pathway. The painter has his three primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, with which to pour out his soul upon canvas; the sculptor has his straight, convex and concave lines with which to give utterance to *his* thought. We have three factors of perception, light, object, and eye. We speak of time, space, and motion; energy, design, and purpose. We have also length, breadth, and thickness, and motion may be to, from, or about a center. There are three resultants from the action of the human mind: art, science, and religion. We have three classes of one-sided thinkers, produced by over-emphasizing one or other of the three factors of perception. "We have men of head, men of heart, and men of action." This might be carried further, but enough is here hinted to serve our present purpose. As our subject has to do with the pantomimic and vocal expression of thought,

the interpretation of spiritual conditions, mental attitudes, it will be necessary to consider man psychologically, physiologically, and physionomically—the cause, the medium, and the manifestation. A three-fold division of the mental faculties is now very generally accepted by psychologists. This is recognized by Locke (Bohn's edition, *Philosophical Works*, vol. I. page 389.) Sir Wm. Hamilton divides all phenomena into those of knowledge, of feeling,—including pleasure and pain,—and of will and desire (Bowen's edition, page 263.) Up-
ham also makes a three-fold division: Intellect, sensibilities, and the will. Shakespeare in the 2nd scene of the 1st act of Hamlet, takes a three-fold division of mental phenomena for granted:

“It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified;
An understanding simple and unschooled.”

Delsart, the great French teacher of expression, James McKay, and the late unequalled instructor, Lewis B. Monroe, of Boston, divided the intellectual powers in the mental, moral, and vital; these, in the order given, reflecting the wisdom, love, and power of God. The chief difficulty with this classification lies in placing the affectional principal with the will or moral division. We will follow these three great masters, however, as best we can. Man is a universe or a little kingdom by himself—a reflection of his Creator, manifesting or suggesting the wisdom, love, and power of God. Man thinks, wills, and feels; or, as Monroe would put it, “Man thinks, *loves*, and feels.” Thinking, loving, and feeling are associated in consciousness, but are distinct in their manifestations, and may be recognized as they express themselves in bearing, attitude, gesture, and voice. In the study of expression, as ap-

plied to sculpture, painting, acting, and oratory, man must be considered as to his essence or spiritual state, organization and appearance.

Psychologically.

The mental or reflective principle guides.

The moral or affective principle impels.

The vital or sensitive principle sustains.

Physiologically.

The nervous system corresponds to the mental and guides.

The vascular system corresponds to the moral and impels.

The visceral system corresponds to the vital and sustains.

Physionomically.

The head is mental, and guides.

The torse or trunk is moral, and impels.

The limbs are vital, and sustain.

The Eye.

The pupil is mental.

The iris or color is moral.

The white is vital.

The eyebrow is mental.

The upper lid is moral.

The lower lid vital.

The Arm.

The shoulder is the vital part of the arm.

The fore-arm is the moral part of the arm.

The hand is the intellectual part of the arm.

The Foot.

The ball is vital.

Midway between ball and heel is moral.

The heel is mental.

The various members of the body may be divided and subdivided to an almost unlimited extent. The strong part of a member, suggesting power, force, strength, is always vital, that which seems to impel, by giving motive, &c., is the moral, and that which goes out in quest of knowledge or imparts instruction is mental. The moral principle has an element of mystery in it and includes the will.

Physical Agents of Expression.

“Having three principles of being by which we feel, think, and love,” we will have three sets of bodily agents, which the mind, soul, and heart will use in revealing themselves. Men reflect their character in their bearings, attitudes, gestures, and tones of voice.

When the shoulders are moved the vital element dominates,

When the eye-brows are active the reflective element prevails.

When the thumb is excited the will is acting and the moral element is strongest.

Manifestation of the three Elements of Being by Motion.

We have intellectual, moral, and vital bearings, attitudes, gestures, and tones of voice. The head, trunk, upper and lower limbs have their mental, moral, and vital actions and spheres.

Motion may be to, from, with or about a center, giving us accentric, eccentric, and concentric motion. The first is

caused by the reflective; the second by the vital; and the third by the moral element of being. The head has its mental, moral, and vital positions. The same is true of the lower limbs and other members of the body. The weight of the body equally distributed on both legs, is the normal or moral position; the weight on one leg behind the other, is the mental or reflective position; the weight carried forward on one leg in advance of the other, is the vital position.

These attitudes can only be learned from the living teacher, or by means of plates, which we, in an inexpensive work of this kind can not furnish. There are three centers of gravity in man, he is attracted to the universe with the eye; to the individual with the torso, and to the earth with the feet. There are three centers of gravity in the foot: To the heel which is mental; to the ball which is vital; midway between ball and heel which is moral. The eye moves in three spheres, and an audience may, by means of the position of the feet, eye, and head, be placed beneath, above, or on an equality with the speaker.

Quality of Voice.

There are three leading qualities of voice which, from the principles producing them, may be called mental, moral, and vital. These, like the various members of the body, have different offices to perform. The mental tone is the agent of the reflective element of being, it inclines to the front part of the mouth, is direct, cold, narrow, travels in a straight line, states facts with dogmatic and mathematical precision, and its chief mission is to appeal to the intellect. This tone does not, in its most elemental form, obtain much power over an audience.

The moral tone of voice is the agent of the will and heart, &c., it inclines to the central part of the mouth, "rises upward, and spreads like the Hebrew incense," is prayerful, plaintive, solemn, mysterious, and is capable of great variation.

The vital tone is the servant of the sensitive principle of our nature ; it inclines to the back or vital part of the mouth, suggests breadth, power, sensuality, &c. The significance of a tone is affected by its relation to the point, central or back part of the tongue, which, in the order named, are mental, moral, and vital.

Color.

The painter has three simple or primary colors with which to pour out his soul upon canvas : red, yellow, and blue. By compounding these in various proportions, either in twos, or all three together, he has the wherewith to produce every hue seen in nature or in art. Blue and red in proper proportions make purple or violet, yellow and red make orange ; blue and yellow produce green—the three secondary colors. The grays and browns are compounds of the red ; yellow and blue in unequal and varying proportions. By a similar and more subtle process, the mental, moral, and vital tones of the voice may be blended, thus giving us an infinite variety equal to the expression of all the mental states and emotions of which we are capable. The mental voice may be enriched by being mixed with the vital, while the vital in turn can be greatly refined by association with the mental. The moral can also be blended with either or both of the other two, and all three may, as illustrated by colors, be blended in various proportions, and be equal to the expression of the many moods to which man is subject. We do not wish to teach that one

tone is wholly and absolutely mental, another moral, and a third purely vital. These terms are relative terms, and we give to tone that name whose quality it possesses in the highest degree.

Nor do we wish to discard the division which some teachers make into pure and impure qualities of voice, placing under the first division the natural and the orotund qualities, and under the second the pectoral, guttural, aspirated and falsetto voices. Such classifications are perhaps useful and suggestive. We think, however, that the Monroe and Del-sart idea of basing tones, actions, and everything else solidly upon man's threefold nature, and counselling the student to observe carefully the manifestations of the intellect, sensibilities, and the will, a much more scientific way of getting at the root of the entire subject of expression. The most excellent and unequalled results which we have witnessed under the instruction of the first-named gentleman strengthen our faith in this regard. Thoughts, feelings, and desires do not stand separate in the mind, their interplay is so subtle, at times, as to elude conscious perception. We may, therefore, expect to find some difficulty in formulating an analysis of the pantomimic and vocal effects of mental phenomena. The orator expresses himself by attitudes, actions, and tones of voice—these are effects, the mental condition is the cause.

Perception, Impression, Expression.

"Perception is an act of the mind. We perceive not without impression."—*Reid*.

"Perception is the inlet of knowledge."—*Locke*.

The painter and sculptor must exercise great care in regard to their perceptions of any object they would place on canvas or chisel in marble. A mistake in perception will produce a

wrong impression and a consequent erroneous expression of a given subject. They must further have their conceptions of truth thoroughly and deeply impressed on the mind. The finest works of art existed, in their completeness, in the mind of the artist in advance of their appearance on canvas or in marble. The orator must perceive and be impressed, his theme should be a living thing in his soul before he attempts to commend it to favor. If he would move men, he himself must be moved, the very emotions he would excite in others must be kindled within himself.

“If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
Fresh from the spirit’s depths, with strong control
Swaying to rapture every list’ner’s soul,
Idle your toil; the chase you may forego,
Brood o’er your task.”—*Goethe’s Faust*.

This involves something more than mere mechanical rules; it requires an intellectual conscience,—the child of genuine culture,—with which to estimate and appreciate thought at its real worth. A speaker or reader must form mental pictures of the things of which he discourses or reads, he must have a mental process with every idea he advances, and he must love, and have faith in those things which he commends to others. Attention to perception, impression, and expression in the order given will greatly aid the public speaker.

Law of Consistency.

A very slight change in the length of the nose, neck, arms, or eyebrows of the *venus De Milo*, *venus De Medicis*, the *Sistine Madonna*, or *Michael Angello’s Moses* would very much mar the symmetry and beauty of these masterpieces of art. In like manner, a want of harmony between the spirit-

ual condition of a speaker and his attitudes, actions, and tones of voice will produce great discord and unnaturalness in his expression.

When the object of a speaker is purely instruction, it would be manifestly out of place for him to use the agents of expression, whose office it is to express the moral or sensitive principles of being. A lion's head, a sheep's neck, and a human body would not be a very harmonious combination, and yet, such an arrangement very well illustrates the discord which exists between the thoughts some speakers strive to utter, and the actions and tones of voice which they use in their presentation of the same.

Emotion has its rise in the sensitive nature, is seen in the eye, shoulders, and when properly controlled, gradually distributes itself over the entire body. Every word and every sentence should have its proper proportion of emotion equally distributed. The emotion which belongs to hatred is frequently used when the thought is one of love or pity, this is discord, and shows that the speaker does not rightly estimate or appreciate the things of which he speaks. Cicero's idea will bear repetition. "The emotions you would move in others must first be moved in you. Would you make men indignant, be yourself indignant; would you move their pity, let it appear that you pity; would you excite admiration, admire the thing you would have others esteem." Pity, indignation, love, hatred, &c., can be seen by an audience in the eye, attitude, and action of a speaker, if he be thoroughly imbued with his subject. The eye of the orator must shew cause for all the pantomimic and vocal effects which the auditors see and hear.

"Eloquence is wisdom speaking fluently."—*Cicero*.

"The orator instructs, he moves, he delights."—*Quintilian*.

“Matters of small moment are to be spoken lowly; those of ordinary importance temperately, and great things grandly and fluently.”—*Augustine*.

The Three Great Fields of Eloquence.

The ancients divided all orations into three kinds: the demonstrative, the deliberative, and the judicial. The modern division, according to Blair, is not unlike this: popular assemblies, the bar, and the pulpit. The oratory belonging respectively to these has much in common, yet in some particulars there is a difference, hence the manner of the orator is modified according to the object he has in view and the scene in which he is to perform. His ability to make the needful changes will depend upon his adaptability, intellectual attainments, heart-culture, resources, and his insight into human nature. The oratory of the stage, as employed by the best actors, would not become the pulpit, neither would that of the bar be suited to the theater.

Interesting and Controlling an Audience.

“The measure of a work of art is its suggestiveness.”

As already stated, the speaker must attend to the proper arrangement of his matter. He must enlighten the understanding, suggest to the imagination, and move the emotions. This is no easy matter. The orator must himself be deeply interested in his cause, his emotion must well up, and yet it must be controlled and suppressed. Passion seen in the eye and shoulders, but held in check, is stronger than passion expressed. There must be reserved power. The vital element must be strong, a good degree of vitality in the tone and in the movement of the shoulders is very effective. Speak from and with the shoulders, and play upon the vital

plane of the audience. Adorn speech with pleasing tones, graceful action, finished and positive inflections, correct emphasis, and a soul and a body all a-glow with the thought you communicate.

Tones of the Emotions.

The soul is often moved with feeling. Intellectual operations cause emotion, and emotion is followed by desire, so intimately connected is the working of the mental, moral, and vital elements of being. Writers are not entirely agreed as to their classifications of the emotions. Some include all the emotions under fear, desire, joy, and grief, while others speak of admiration, love, and hatred as the three primitive passions from which the secondary emotions are ~~divided~~ *derived*. Without going into a detailed discussion of this subject, perhaps we will concede that we are conscious of what Reid calls "agreeable, disagreeable, and indifferent emotions." These express themselves in the tones of the voice, and we will only throw out a very few suggestions concerning them here. If the mind is unimpassioned the natural or unimpassioned tone will be used, if a feeling of sublimity possess the soul the orotund or full-mouthed tone will indicate that fact. The monotone denotes awe, solemnity, reverence, &c. Should love or beauty dominate the speaker, effusive voice will present the same to his hearers. If hatred, disgust, and kindred feelings prevail, the guttural or throat-voice will be appropriate. Secrecy muffles itself in the aspirated quality—(breath and voice blended.) Anger, danger, &c., use the abrupt or explosive tone. The student of oratory may inform himself as to the tones proper to the vocal interpretation of the various emotions by giving heed to persons around him when moved by various passions or feelings. A knowledge of psy-

chology will be of great service in this department of expression. Our work is designed to be a mere skeleton of principles, hence we can not enlarge.

Time, Pitch, Force.

In speaking, we have moderate, slow, and quick time. We may also have very slow and very quick time. The speed with which we read will depend entirely upon the mental state which is to be presented. Thoughts of ordinary importance are to be given in a moderate rate of utterance, thoughts of 'great value, slowly and with great dignity. When the mind is light and buoyant, the manner of reading or speaking should indicate that fact. Grave and solemn thought takes a stately style of utterance. A slight pause before and after an important thought, quotation, simile or metaphor, gives emphasis to the same.

Pitch.

In ordinary discourse we speak in a medium pitch; when the mind is light and joyous the pitch is elevated; when solemn the voice descends. We have medium, high, low, very high, and very low points at which to pitch the voice. We should practice in all of these, so as to secure as great range as possible for the voice.

Force.

This has reference to the loudness and intensity of the voice, and depends upon the amplitude of the vibration of the sound wave. We have moderate, gentle, loud, and very loud force. In a natural or habitual mood moderate force is appropriate. When the mind is moved by gentle emotion the form of force called by that name will be fitting; when boi-

terous passion stirs the soul, loudness and intensity of voice will inform the audience of its existence. The quality of the voice must be in harmony with the thought. Force represents the vital; quality the moral, and pitch the mental principle of being.

Inflections.

Inflection is the bending or sliding of the voice upward or downward from a given pitch. There are rising, falling, and circumflex inflections. Inflections are major or minor. The major inflection is positive, and might be compared to a blow with a good sweep from the shoulder. The minor inflection is a feeble sliding of the voice, resembling the falling of the arm from the shoulder without energy. The circumflex is the union of the rising and falling inflections, and is called rising or falling, as one or other of these inflections terminates the movement.

Mental Value or Significance of Inflections.

They address the intellect and indicate a speaker's attitude to the thought he expresses. The falling inflections may indicate a positive state of mind—completeness, while the rising denotes a negative mental attitude, incompleteness, continuity, suspension, interrogation, doubt, and is prospective in its nature. The circumflex has a double meaning, denoting irony, sarcasm, ridicule, &c. The minor slides denote sadness, feebleness, and grief. Antithetic words or ideas are given with opposing inflections. The pitch of the voice should vary sufficiently in inflection to be agreeable to the ear and preserve the melody of sentences. Inflections should be placed on the most important words in a discourse.

Emphasis.

This we consider a very difficult branch of our subject. We have consulted numerous works on elocution, but have found very little which would be of any service whatever to the student of oratory. In our most earnest and worthy conversation we emphasize properly. If we catch the spirit of an author, and are genuine in our love for him, correct emphasis will inevitably follow. A sentence may, so far as we have the means of knowing, admit of more than one interpretation; it is therefore not always easy to tell just where the emphatic point or word is. The English word *emphasis* comes from the Greek *emfaino*, which means "to shew," "to bring out." The emphatic word, phrase, clause, or sentence must have a special significance attached to it, and consequently requires special attention rightly to reveal its meaning.

Antithesis expressed or implied is the essence of emphasis. Antithetic or contrasted words, phrases, clauses, or sentences are emphatic, and must be opposed to each other by the inflections of the voice. In a true work of art there is one central, significant idea around which everything else clusters, and to which everything else is subordinate. In like manner every well constructed sentence, as well as every worthy discourse has a dominating idea or thought, which must be made to stand out by means of emphasis. The emphatic word is frequently, if not always the word which moves the writer or speaker to make the sentence in which it is contained. The new idea is the emphatic one, hence repetition or previous knowledge on the part of an audience destroys emphasis.

Emphatic Appliances.

A word, phrase, clause, or sentence may be specially forced upon the attention of an audience by inflection, stress of voice, change in the quality of the tone by elevating or lowering the pitch of the voice, by slow time and by pauses.

A thought may be subordinated by rendering it in quick time and in a low key. Subordinated ideas partake of the general coloring of that to which they are subordinate. There must be consistency in the display of color or emotion. We must have all the effects of light and shade in public speaking as well as in painting. In amplification the interest of voice and manner should be increased on the emphatic word of each successive particular. The ear as well as the eye demands 'variety. Thought is as varied as are the subjects which prompt it, hence the mode of utterance should be varied. As no two things are exactly alike in all God's universe, so no two expressions of things, which differ, should be precisely the same.

Bible Reading.

Nehemiah 8th chapter, 8th verse. "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused the people to understand the reading."

The above text, with Isaiah 66: 8, tell us all we need to know on the subject under consideration. A teacher or preacher can not make people understand God's law if he has not felt something of its power and breadth upon his own heart. The word of God should be read reverently, deliberately, solemnly, so that our entire manner will indicate that *we believe, esteem, and love* what we read, because it is the word of God. We must identify ourselves with our hearers,

and sympathize with them. It should appear by the modesty of our manner and the utter annihilation of self, that *we* feel our need of the rebukes, the forgiveness, forbearance, mercy, and love of which the pages of the Bible speak. The minister of Christ must be strong, but he must also be tender—useless one without the other. This last applies to every kind of speaking and reading. Arrogance or self-consciousness will destroy the influence of any speech. As a rule, in reading the Scriptures, the eye should be kept on the book, except for the expression of emphasis. The moral quality of voice, and very frequently in a monotone is appropriate to the expression of the reverential attitude which we ought to maintain towards God's word. There is no place for dramatic action in reading the sacred writings. The effects must be produced by the tones of the voice. Emotion should be seen in the eye and shoulders of the reader, but it must be controlled and distributed. The manner should vary with the ever-changing sentiment which admits of an infinite variety of color, light, and shade. The general instruction under expression, with the exceptions mentioned, will apply to Bible reading.

Hymn Reading.

The reading of hymns, like the reading of Scripture, should be made a part of the worship of God's house. The tones of the voice should address the heart, and should be of such a moral quality as to beget a feeling of reverence on the part of the audience. In order to make a tone reverential or solemn, it need not be colorless. There is a jerking, sing-song kind of reading which should be avoided. It is caused by emphasizing words at a particular place in each line, by pausing in the same place too frequently, by ending every line in nearly

the same manner. This may be avoided in part by weighing the thought properly and by giving the same attention—or nearly so—to emphasis in the reading of poetry, as is given to this subject in the reading of prose. The sentences should be swung gracefully and the rhythm preserved. The eye should be kept on the book in the main; the manner should be earnest, the tones of the voice melodious, and the emotion naturally begotten by the sentiment. Avoid monotony everywhere, it shews a want of appreciation, which is caused by indolence or want of culture. Pack every word as full of meaning and feeling as is in keeping with good taste and with holding the mirror up to nature.

NIGHT.—SHELLEY.

How beautiful the night! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy, which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Whose musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—MOODIE.

Pause, for awhile, ye travelers on the earth, to contemplate the universe, in which you dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple, for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amidst the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of spring, smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit; opening to an endless variety of being—the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens also declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night, inviting you to the renewal of your labors, adorning the face of nature, and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and every flower that springeth forth from the bosom of the earth. Nor when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor, for awhile, to disclose to you a more glorious scene; to show you the immensity of space, filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened for the exercise of every pious emotion! And how irresistibly such contemplations as these awaken the sensibility of the soul! Here is infinite power to impress you with awe; here is infinite wisdom to fill you with admiration; here is infinite goodness to call forth your gratitude and love. The correspondence between these great objects, and the affections of the human heart, is established by nature itself, and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it; as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!—SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE DAISY.—WORDSWORTH.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy, again I talk to thee :

For thou art worthy.

Thou unassuming common-place
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee.

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising ;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court.
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies dressed,
A starvling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems, to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over.
The shape will vanish, and behold

A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar,—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee.
Yet like a star with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest,—
May peace come never to his rest
Who shall reprove thee.

Bright *Flower*, for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,—
Sweet silent creature,
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.—ROBERT BURNS.

I.

We modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now, is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

II.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending the mang the dewy meet,
 Wi spreckled breast,
When upward—springing, blythe, to greet,
 The purpling east.

III.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

IV.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stone
Adorns the histic stible-field
 Unseen, alone.

V.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies.

VI.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade,

By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

VII.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent love,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

VIII.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay, but Heaven,
He ruined sink.

IX.

Ev'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine,—no distant date :
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

I.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,

On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

II.

He said to his friend,—“If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

III.

Then he said “Good night !” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war :
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

IV.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

V.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

VI.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

VII.

A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

VIII.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

IX.

And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

X.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the
light;
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

XI.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,

And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

XII.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank und bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

XIII.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

XIV.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

XV.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affect-ed passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children,

and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, God like action.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

The advocates of Charles, (like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced,) generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues?

2. And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, (not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded,) and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

3. We charge him with having broken his coronation

oath ; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow ! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates ; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him ! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them ; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning ! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

4. For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations ; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free ! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again.

O sacred forms, how fair, how proud, you look !
How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !

Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine ! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again ! I call to you
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free, I rush to you
As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up ! Instinctively
I bent my bow ; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him ; I could not shoot.
T'was liberty ! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free ! Oh, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven
And bless God that it was so ! It was free !
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free !
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun !

How happy was I in it then ! I loved
Its very storms ! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat at night, when down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—sat in it and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master, save his own !

Yonder's a jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast : o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was
free

Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
“ Blow on ! This is the land of liberty ! ”

“ ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.”

[From the reply to Hayne.— *Webster.*]

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for inde-

pendence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union; by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, 'in the end,' by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arms with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

OSSIAN'S APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

MACPHERSON.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But

to Ossian thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of morning.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.—BYRON.

I.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

II.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain :
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore :—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

III.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him ! thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

IV.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
● These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

V.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou :
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

VI.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless alone.

VII.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

PATRICK HENRY.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we

make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

SYMPATHY WITH THE GREEKS.

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece,—that we dare not articulate our destination of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and

royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

2. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,"—I can not go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

3. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

4. If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

5. Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee

by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean, and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?"

HENRY CLAY.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

I.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
This very front and head of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more.

II.

Rude am I in speech
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic

(For such proceedings I'm charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

III.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

IV.

These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not attentively.

V.

I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,

When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man.

VI.

She thank'd me;
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint' I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM TELL.

I.

“Place there the boy,” the tyrant said,
“Fix me the apple on his head.

Ha! rebel, now!

There's a fair mark for your shaft:
To yonder shining apple waft
An arrow.” And the tyrant laughed.

With quivering brow
Bold Tell looked there; his cheek turned pale,
His proud lips throbbed as if 't would fail
Their quivering breath.

II.

“Ha ! doth he blanch ? ” fierce Gesler cried,

“I’ve conquered, slave, thy soul of pride.”

No voice to that stern taunt replied,

All mute as death.

“And what thee need ? ” at length Tell asked,

“Bold fool, when slaves like thee are tasked,

It is my will.

But that thine eye may keener be,

And nerved to such nice archery,

If thou cleav’st you, thou goest free.

III.

What pause you still ?

Give him a bow and arrow there,

One shaft—but one. Gleams of despair

Rush for a moment o’er the Switzer’s face ;

Then passed away each stormy trace.

And high resolve came in their place,

Unmoved, yet flushed,

“I take thy terms,” he muttered low,

Grasped eagerly the proffered bow—

The quiver searched,

Sought out an arrow keen and long,

Fit for a sinewy arm, and strong,

And placed it on the sounding thong,

The tough yew arched.

IV.

He drew the bow, whilst all around

That thronging crowd there was no sound,

No step, no word, no breath.

All gazed with an unerring eye,
To see the fearful arrow fly ;
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

V.

Afar the boy stood, firm and mute ;
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
But never moved.
He knew the daring coolness of that hand,
He knew it was a father scanned
The boy he loved.

VI.

The Switzer gazed—the arrow hung,
My only boy ! sobbed on his tongue ;
He could not shoot.
Ha ! cried the tyrant, doth he quail ?
Mark how his haughty brow grows pale !
But a deep voice rung on the gale,
“ Shoot in God’s name ! ”
Again the drooping shaft he took,
And turned to heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.
“ Be firm, my boy ! ” was all he said,
The apple’s left the stripling’s head ;
Ha ! ha ! ’tis cleft !
And so it was, and Tell was free,
Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With rosy cheek.

VII.

His loving arms his boy embrace ;

But again that tyrant cried in haste,
An arrow in thy belt is placed ;
What means it? speak.

VIII.

The Switzer raised his clenched hand high,
Whilst lightning flashed across his eye
Incessantly.
To smite the tyrant to the heart,
Had Heaven willed it that this dart
Had touched my boy.

IX.

Rebellion ! treason ! chain the slave !
A hundred swords around him wave,
Whilst hate to Gesler's features gave
Infuriate joy.

X.

But that one arrow found its goal
Hid with revenge in Gesler's soul ;
And Lucerne's lake
Heard his dastard soul outmoan
When Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland a giant grown,
Her fetters brake.

XI.

From hill to hill the mandate flew,
From lake to lake the tempest grew
With wakening swell,
Till proud oppression crouched for shame,

And Austria's haughtiness grew tame ;
And Freedom's watchword was the name
Of William Tell.

DEATH AND SATAN.

JOHN MILTON.

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now on hand ; and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admired, not feared ;—God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd ;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven !
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjur'd against the Highest ; for which both thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage the more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform : on th' other side,
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air :
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe ; and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous cry rúsh'd between.

DEGENERACY OF THE ATHENIANS.

DEMOSTHENES.

Such, O men of Athens ! were your ancestors ; so glorious in the eyes of the world ; so bountiful and munificent to their country ; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find in the present generation, to those great men ? At the time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage, when the Lacedemonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own, when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you—in short, when you are at full liberty, when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece,—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you ; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses ; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war ; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it ? Let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause for the success and prosperity of Philip. “ But,” you reply, “ what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity and plenty ? Is not the city enlarged ? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified.” Away with such trifles ! Shall I be paid with counters ? An old square new vamped up ! a fountain ! an aqueduct ! Are these acquisitions to boast of ? Cast your eyes

upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces! And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

ARRAIGNMENT OF CATILINE.

CICERO.

How far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium*? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present?

2. Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to the knowledge of every man here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

3. O, the times! O, the morals of the times! The Senate understand all this. The Consul sees it. And yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly and confronts us here in council, —presumes to take part in our deliberations,—and, with his calculating eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And

*Pronounced Pa-la-she-um.

we, the while, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we do but succeed in warding off this madman's sword and fury!

4. Long since, O Catiline! ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the destruction thou hast been plotting against others! There was in Rome that virtue *once*, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. For thee, Catiline, we have still a law. Think not, because we are forbearing, that we are powerless.

5. We have a statute,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a statute which makes thy *life* the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I do not doubt that all good men would say that the punishment, instead of being too cruel, was only too long deferred.

6. But, for sufficient reasons, I will a while postpone the blow. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is to be found, so lost to reason, so depraved, so like *thyself*, that he will not admit the sentence was deserved. While there is one man who ventures to defend thee, live!

7. But thou shalt live so beset, so hemmed in, so watched, by the vigilant guards I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper. Thou shalt be seen and heard when thou dost not dream of a witness near. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice.

8. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret projects clear as noonday, what canst thou now devise? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing thou canst contrive, pro-

pose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction !

LOCHINVAR.

WALTER SCOTT.

I.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

II.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

III.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

IV.

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

V.

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

VI.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaids whispered, "Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

VII.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door; and the charger stood
near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ;
"She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

VIII.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A. TENNYSON.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!"—he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered !
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why ;
Their's but to do and die ;

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered :
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered !
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke :
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back ; but not—
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered :

Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them --
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade, —
 Noble six hundred!

 CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

ADDISON.

I.

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

II.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar,
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

III.

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

To be, or not to be, that is the question !
 Whether 'tis nobler in the minds to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep ;
No more ? and; by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd ! To die—to sleep :
To sleep ! perchance to dream ! Ay ; there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

II.

There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ?

III.

Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

IV.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

RICHARD III.—SHAKSPEARE.

Now, is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer, by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds, that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried :
Now, are our brows bound with victorious wreathes ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments :
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :
Grim, visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled brow ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly, in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute,
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
I, that am entail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature, by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore, since I can not prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says that G (George)
Of Edward's heir, the murderer shall be,
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence comes.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—SHAKS- PEARE.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause
and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor,
and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Cen-
sure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's,
to him I say that Brutus's loves to Cæsar was not less than his.
If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,
this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I

loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition! Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.—SHAKSPEARE.

I.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

II.

Here under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.

III.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.

IV.

You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

V.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

VI.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

VII.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

VIII.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle; I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

IX.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

X.

Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.
Oh now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors!

XI.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

XII.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man
That love my friends; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue,

Queen. Why, how now Hamlet ?

Hamlet. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so : You are the queen ;
your husband's brother's wife ;
And—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not
budge ;

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ?—thou wilt not murder me ?

Hamlet. Leave wringing of your hands ; peace ; sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damned custom have not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me ?

Hamlet. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And set a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath ! Oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With trustful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought—sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah me! what act

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Hamlet.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband. Look you, now,
what follows;
Here is your husband; like a mildew,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, its humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?

Queen.

Oh, speak no more!

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct. Oh, speak to me
no more!
These words like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet.

A murderer and a villain:

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord ;—a vice of kings
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stolè,
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more !

Hamlet. A king

Of shreds and patches ;—
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your
gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad !

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
Oh, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas ! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Whereon do you look ?

Hamlet. On him ! on him ! Look you, how pale he glares !
His form, and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects ; then what I have to do
Will want true color ; tears, perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even, now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :

This bodiless creation, ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd ! bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night ! once more, good-night !
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

MURDER OF KING DUNCAN—SHAKSPEARE.

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come let me
clutch thee,—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fool o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before- There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hec'ate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's this watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Targuin's ravishing strides, towards his
design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sinks with it. While I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me :
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter Lady Macbeth.*]

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold ;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.

Hark !—peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it ;
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores ; I have drugg'd
their possets

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. (within) Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't,—
My husband !

[*Enter Macbeth.*]

Macbeth. I've done the deed ! Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did
not you speak ?

Macbeth. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady M. Aye.

Macbeth. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. (Looking on his hands.)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried,
Murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macbeth. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had seen with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen?*
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's both,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast:—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried, Sleep no more, to all i'the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Caw-
der
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no
more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain—sickly of things. Go, carry them, and
smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit, knocking within.*]

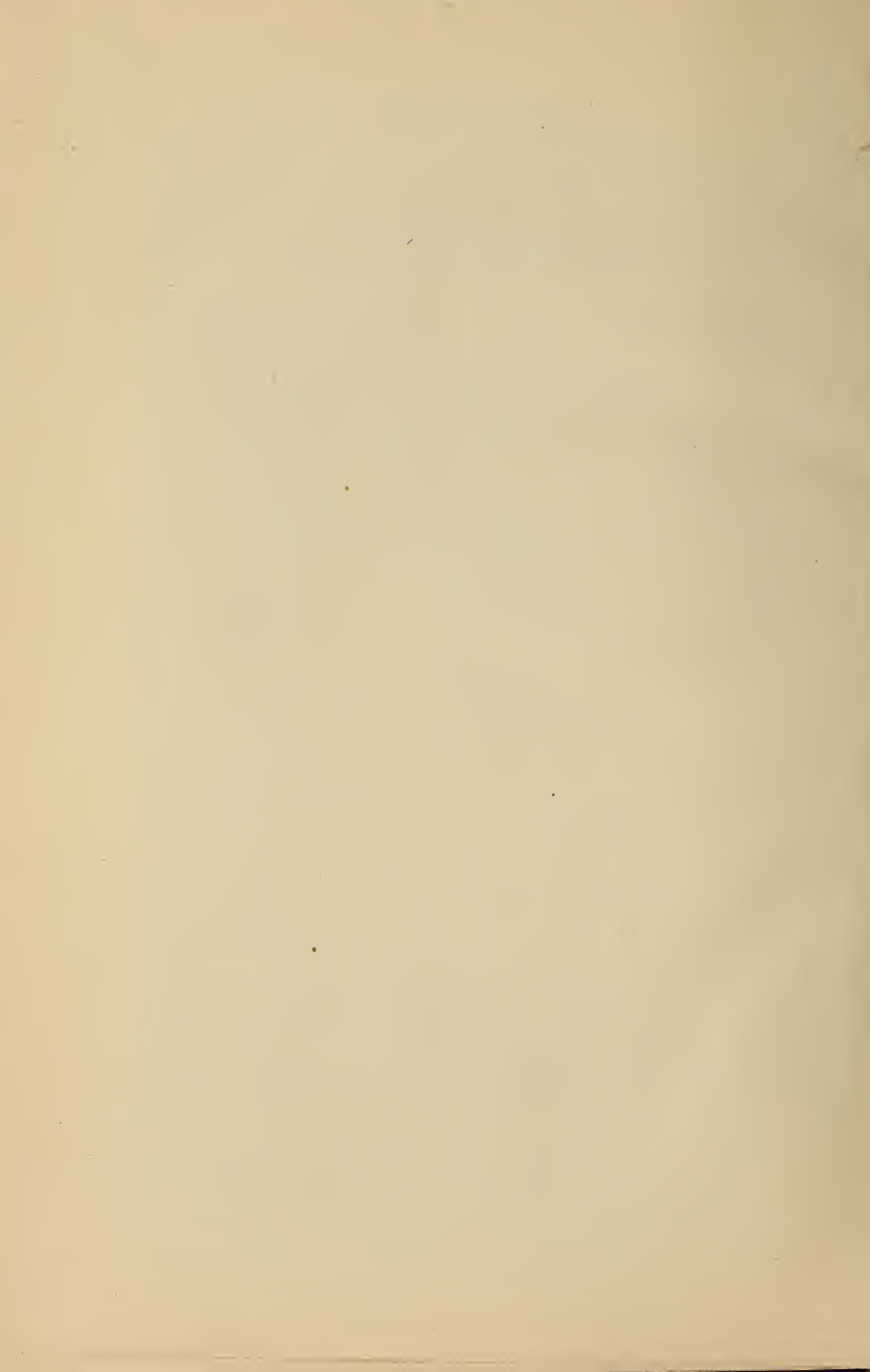
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!
With all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hands? No; this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

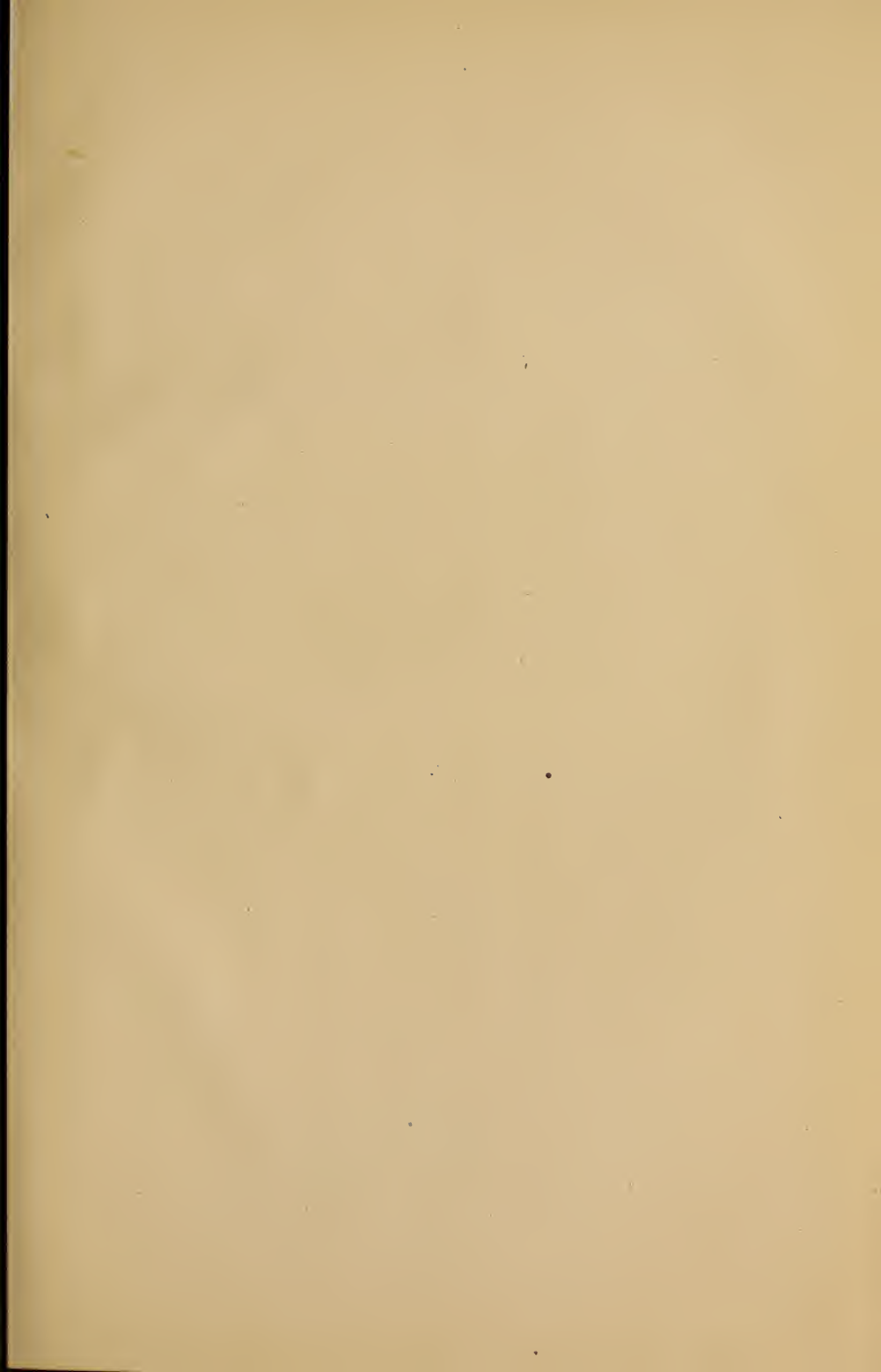
[*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*]

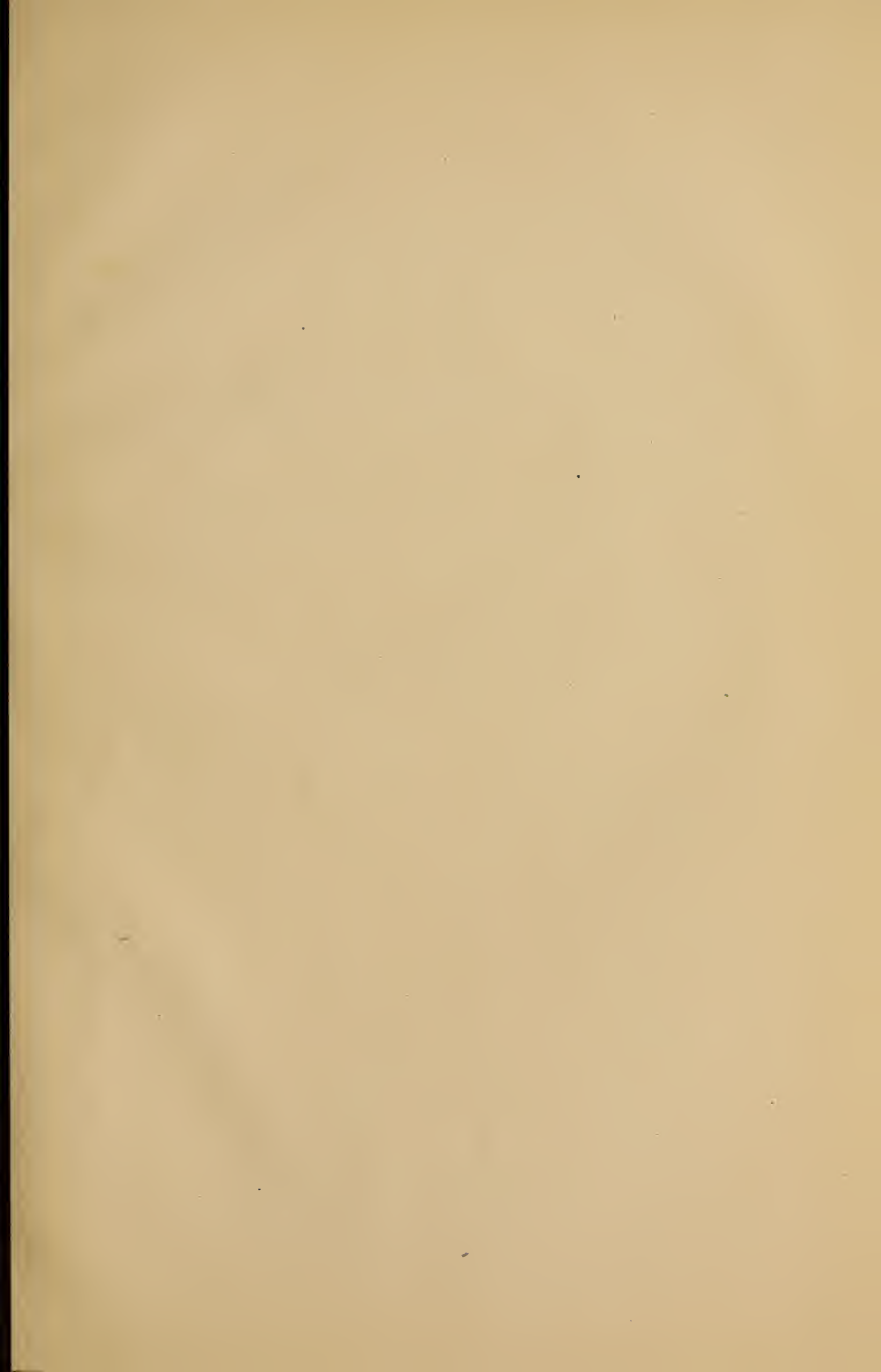
Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knocking.*) I hear
a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left us unattended. (*Knocking.*) Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to the watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

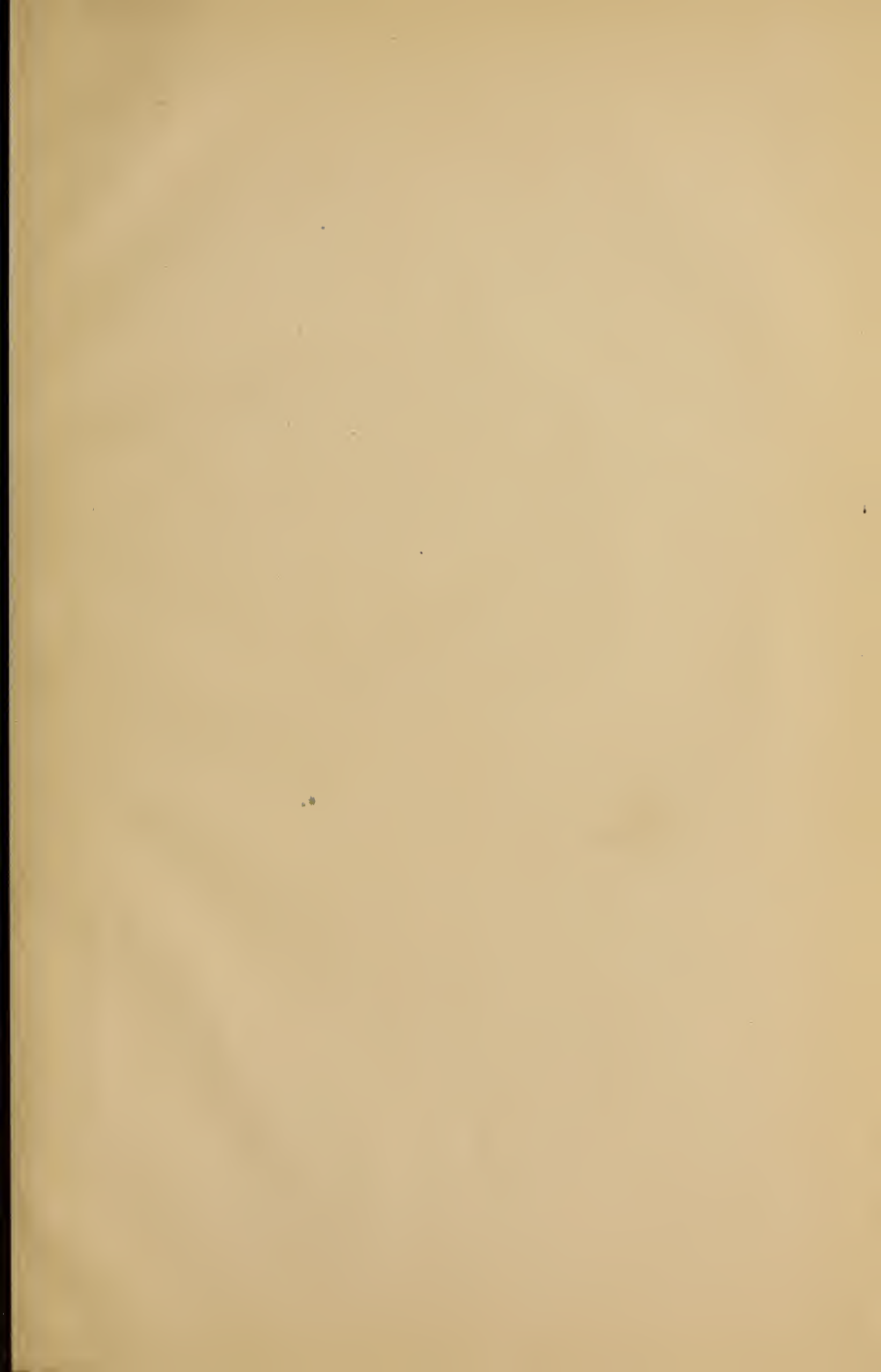
SELECTIONS.

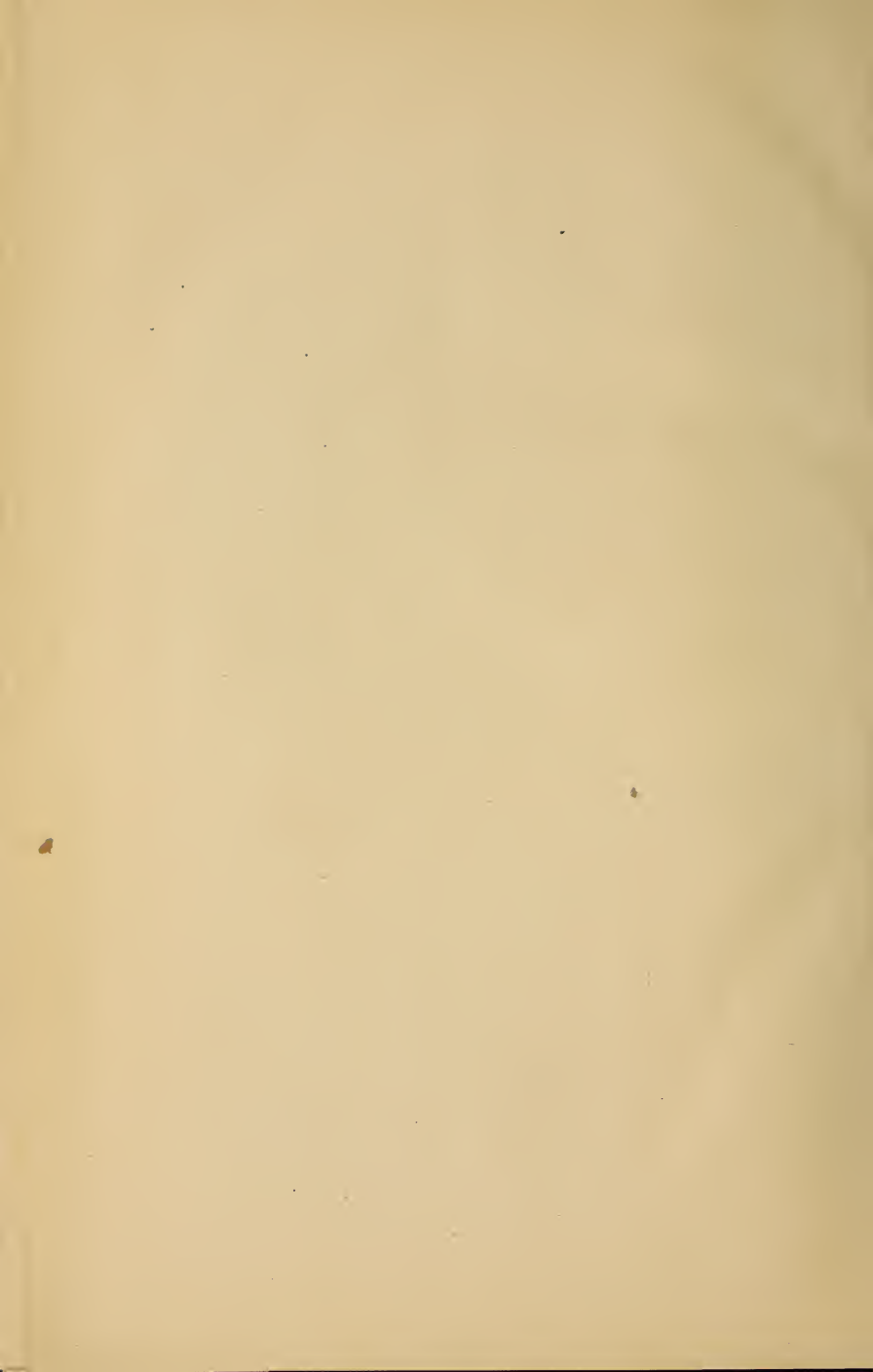
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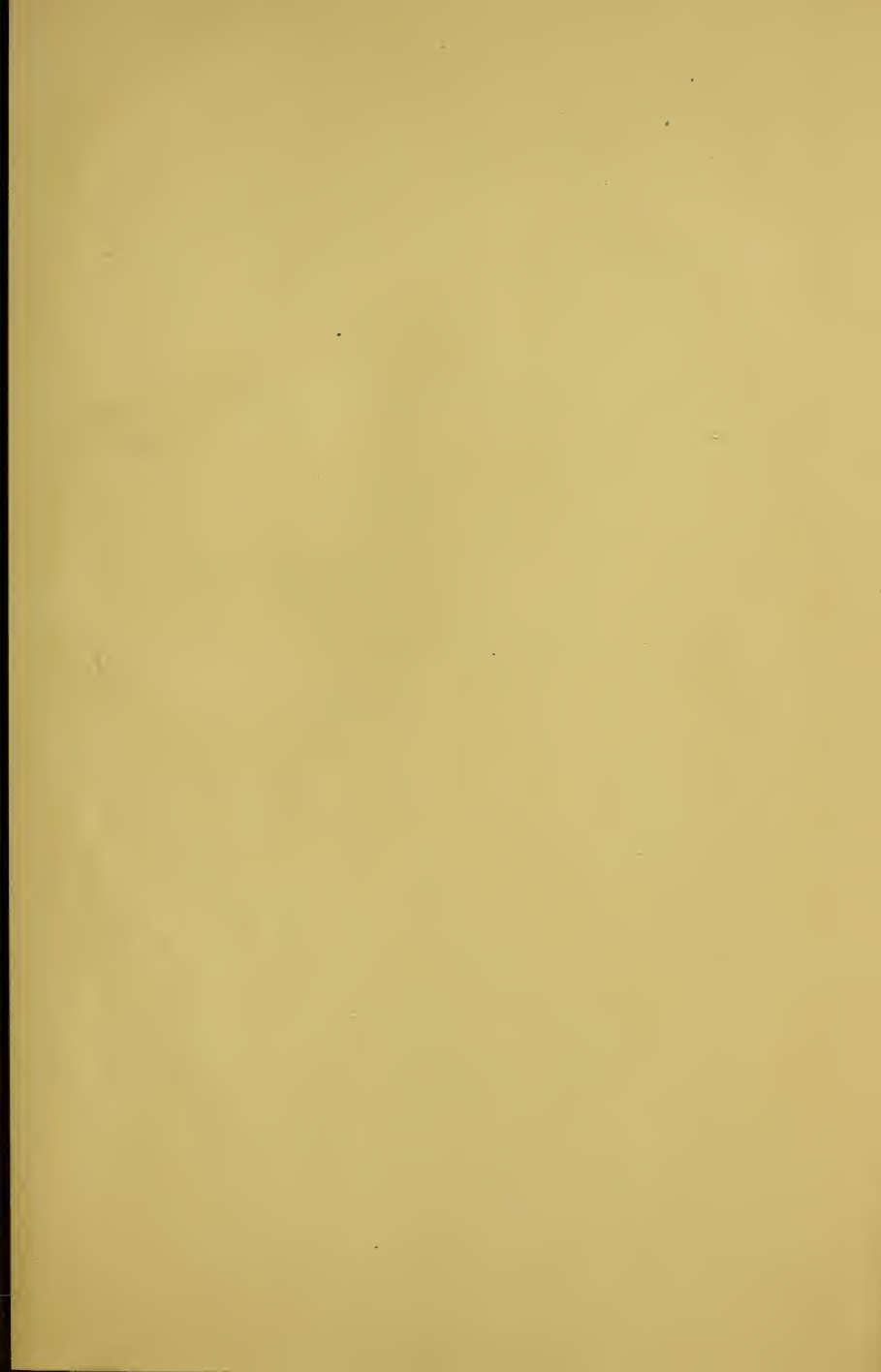












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